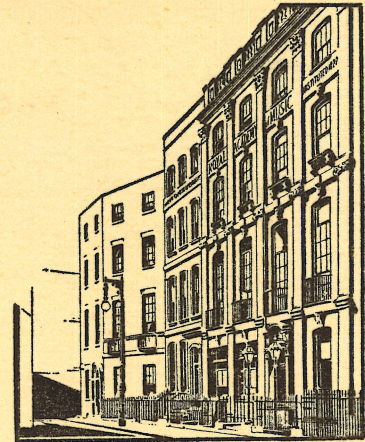


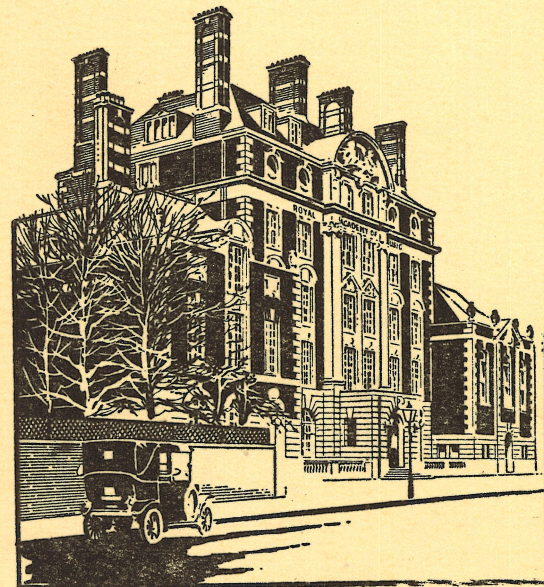
"Sing unto God."



THE
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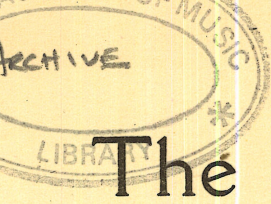
TENTERDEN STREET, 1822.



MARYLEBONE ROAD 1911.

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June,
1924



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Founded in 1889

For the promotion of friendly intercourse amongst
Past Students of the Royal Academy of Music.

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The R.A.M. Club Magazine.

No. 69.

JUNE, 1924.

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"Old and New."

It is with some diffidence that we "convey" the above heading from the article contributed to the last number of the *R.A.M. Club Magazine* by Sir Alexander Mackenzie, but it is outweighed by the confidence we feel that no other title could express so aptly and so tersely the change that is shortly to be effected at the Academy. After a long, and indeed a record, reign of thirty-six years, during which the Royal Academy of Music has gone on from strength to strength, Sir Alexander Mackenzie feels that the time has come when he may hand over the seals of office to one who can be relied upon to uphold the worthiest traditions of the Institution, and therefore at the close of the present term, the Old Principal giveth place to the New. We are privileged to present below two appreciations by able writers, well acquainted with their respective subjects, of Sir Alexander Mackenzie, by Mr. Frederick Corder, and of Mr. McEwen, by one who prefers to remain anonymous. It is difficult to add to these two articles, yet the time must not be allowed to go by without a brief word offered on behalf of the R.A.M. Club.

To Sir Alexander Mackenzie the Club owes much. It was established a bare year after he took on the Principalship, being the outcome of a conversation between him and the late Myles Birket Foster, and since that day he has kept a watchful eye upon its various developments and activities. The word "watchful" is used deliberately, for though Sir Alexander never dictated its policy and ever rode with a light rein, one felt that his vigilance was none the less real for not

being obtruded. Our experience has been that during the last thirty-six years there has been extremely little, connected with the Club or otherwise, that escaped his observation or did not receive his attention at an opportune moment. He has seen the R.A.M. Club grow, not only in numbers, but what is far better, in solidarity and in attachment to the great Institution from which it took its rise, and Sir Alexander must surely feel that in promoting its formation in 1889, he wrought a good work for the Academy, to which since then he has devoted well nigh half his long life. He carries with him into his well-earned retirement the regard and good wishes of the members of the Club.

This brief reference to the changing order would not be complete without a cordial word of welcome to the new Principal. Naturally, the Club has had a shorter and less intimate acquaintance hitherto with Mr. McEwen than with Sir Alexander Mackenzie, but it does not forget his tenure of office as President during last year, whereby it had the advantage of viewing him at close quarters. It would be presumptuous to enlarge upon this point, but it may be permissible just to say that the better acquaintance thus induced developed into a mutual appreciation, which we are firmly persuaded is but at the beginning of a more intimate connection, for the good of both the Academy and the Club. Mr. McEwen takes up the duties of his high and responsible office with the warmest desire and the keenest expectation that under his inspiration the Academy will increase that influence and prestige which it has steadily built up, through good report and ill, during the past hundred years.

Sir Alexander Campbell Mackenzie.

AN APPRECIATION.

It is impossible for this humble mouthpiece of the R.A.M. Club to leave unnoticed such an event as the retirement of Sir A. C. Mackenzie. Though the fact was mentioned, and the details of his Academic career were fully related in our last issue, it will not be deemed superfluous for the person who has stood nearest to him during the whole of those thirty-six years to make a sympathetic comment upon some of them.

I first met him in April, 1886, in a private room at Novello's, where he was correcting the proofs of his "Troubadour" opera, and I was examining some MS. scores of Sir Henry Bishop. We struck up a friendship which prospered, as we both were having works performed at the Crystal Palace

as well as at the opera. Two years later I heard, with much surprise, that he had accepted the Principalship of the R.A.M., and I marvelled how so lofty an artist could bring himself down to such mundane—not to say grubby—employment. Still more wonder filled my mind when one of his very first acts in his new capacity was to invite me to join his teaching staff. Then I indeed began to fear for his sanity, for I was far more of a "Johnny-head-in-air" than I had deemed him to be. I forgot that he was a Scot, the motto of which race appears to be "Keep a level head, whatever happens." The most alarming things were, in fact, happening to the Academy in those days—things that will never be told—but the new Principal rode—serenely, I was going to say, but I withdraw the word; confidently is better—through all difficulties. Why, three years later, he selected me as a lieutenant I cannot imagine, but my success in the uncongenial field of teaching, and his easy success in the far more uncongenial field of schoolmastership, had both proved that you can always do a thing if you jolly well have to, and henceforward my other ambitions were all put aside for the service of the R.A.M. (or rather, the A.C.M.). Everything had to be re-modelled, for everything was in a state of chaos, from highest to lowest. The orchestra was hardly worthy of its name, but it was an easy job to get it playing decent, up-to-date music. The choir was intractable, as choirs mostly are till they are taken firmly in hand. Before long we were doing fine modern (the word meant in those days good, not bad) choral works by the best English writers—presently, even choral works by students, past and present. To look back on programmes of those days makes one glow with pride. And you must recollect that the man who was doing all this was keeping his end well up in other places too—was conducting various orchestral and choral societies, lecturing all over the place, and taking the lead in public meetings connected with music, besides composing away as hard as ever. It was in 1889, at a dinner party, that he and Myles Birket Foster devised the R.A.M. Club, and then and there brought it into being. About the same time, if I remember aright, the first attempts were made to supply the Academy students with refreshments on our congested premises, and so knock one more nail into the coffin he made for the foolish old tradition of keeping the male and female students apart. The soundness of his views on this matter was proved by the excellent results, and those views, then so timidly received, are in the present day universally adopted. The "dressing-up" for operatic performances, which so shocked the Macfarrens, was soon followed by a dramatic class, in which girls took men's parts, by picnics on the river in summertime, and balls in the winter. Not one of

the evil results predicted by croakers ever occurred, but the social tone of the students gradually rose higher and higher as time went on.

The success of the Royal Academy during those years produced quite a crop of rival schools, chartered and otherwise. Here it would have been so easy for a less able mind to come to loggerheads with those whom it might regard as hostile. But no! It is not to be told how not only peace was maintained, but community of interest made to form a bond of friendship between the opposing forces.

And when, after many years of a steady, artistic, and material progress, the Academy threatened to overflow into the street; when impatient friends had plan after plan of a new building made, and wasted much money over wild-cat schemes, the sagacious head that had shed its last hair in the fray, was always determinedly shaken, and they were, one after another, "turned down." Not till the very last moment, when the tenure of Tenterden Street was all but out, and our purse as full as we could make it, was the critical fight with the lawyers and financiers allowed to take place. The fruits of victory are for the whole world to behold in the palatial pile at York Gate; but none will ever know with what expenditure of life-energy that triumph was attended. Do not think that I seek to undervalue the assistance so generously given during all these years by the wise brains of our Directors and other friends, all acting for pure love of art, but Alexander Mackenzie was the "hub" round which all our circle revolved, and to whom all looked intuitively for guidance. As he grew in rank and in public estimation, so he carried the Academy with him, and, with such a man, it is almost inevitable that both the governing bodies he is supposed to serve, as well as the staff which he controls, should think and act in complete accord with him.

Ah, well! Nothing can last for ever, and although a man may go on accumulating knowledge of his job and experience in doing it, some day his vital energy must droop. Little apparent was the decline of Sir Alexander's power; but he knew that considerable changes in music and musical education were imminent, and he was too wise not to realize that to keep the Royal Academy in the forefront under changed conditions would demand a younger brain and fresher energies than he could hope to command. So the severance, which we now deplore, became inevitable, and the R.A.M. Club loses its father and its fosterer. I mean no pun, but the last word reminds me that his friend and co-founder, Myles Foster, was called away only a year or so ago.

Although the Institution has nothing but kindly thoughts and high hopes for his successor, we are sure that Mr.

McEwen will feel no pang of jealousy when people say—as they will, for many a day to come—"Ah! the Academy is all very well, but you should have known it in the old days, under Mackenzie!" For it is such a career as his that breeds a loyalty like the Victorian tradition—a conservative spirit that not only recognises what is good, but refuses to believe in any other goodness. A weakness, perhaps, but an amiable one and the best of all epitaphs.

F. CORDER.

John Blackwood McEwen.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—I am glad you have asked me to write a few lines about Mr. J. B. McEwen, as I find it a most congenial task.

In such a periodical as yours no space need be taken up by relating incidents in his life or by an enumeration of his works—the musical world has already placed him, as a composer, on a high pedestal.

It is of the Man and of his elevation to the Principalship that readers may like to hear something. This is natural, because the lime-light of publicity being so distasteful to him, it is only the privileged few who really know him as he ought to be, and in course of time, will be, known.

The secret of his election was so closely kept that it might have been the election of a new Pope of Rome! I have been given to understand that before any decision was arrived at, each section (lay and professional) of the Committee of Management was consulted separately and *in camera* by the Chairman, and that one name, and one name only—J. B. McEwen—was the result of these conclaves. It gave the highest satisfaction to everyone subsequently to learn that Sir Alexander Mackenzie not only fully concurred, but had always wished for Mr. McEwen to succeed him. Surely the honour is doubly great where such perfect unanimity prevails!

Rumour, I believe reliable, states that although the Principal's mantle had fallen upon Mr. McEwen, he experienced many misgivings in wearing it. It would mean the sacrifice of his leisure, and with that, alas! most of his composition. He, of course, realised, more than people in general, that there was a great work to be done for music, and during this time of hesitancy, and although he is entirely without any form of vanity, it *must* have been borne in upon him that he was the most fitted to carry out this work.

After many days of anxious uncertainty, and without consulting his own wishes, his convenience or his comfort, he

"grasped his nettle," and most happily for the future of the R.A.M., he accepted. This unselfish act was the cause of much rejoicing!

Well, J. B. McEwen is with us now, and to all whom it may concern I would say, you have in him a real MAN, endowed with remarkable gifts, and a worthy successor to Sir Alexander Mackenzie—that alone speaks for itself.

It may be of use to some! and will interest others to know that he possesses a fiery hatred for humbug, intrigue, falseness, push, slackness, greed, &c. For all such failings he has a peculiar power of bringing into play trenchant denunciations, as incisive and striking as those of his great compatriot—Thomas Carlyle. For the honest worker, the genuine artist, the nervous, the sincere, the modest, and the like, his stimulating encouragement and complete sympathy are never lacking. After all, is he not one who has been through the mill, and fully understands the difficulties of professional life?

His characteristic thoroughness and a fixed determination to get to the root of things, coupled with a moral courage that knows no fear, sometimes cause him to be misjudged, and his words to be misinterpreted, but the smallest discernment ought to detect at a glance the burning altruism which glows beneath his criticisms. However, his new high office will bring before the world his impartiality, and his great sense of justice. The numbers who already know and appreciate his sterling qualities and breadth of outlook will, I am convinced, grow with inevitable rapidity.

The manifold duties which await him will be exacting, responsible, and onerous, cover a wide field, and will be almost as important outside the R.A.M. as in it. He will be called upon to give an opinion upon every conceivable subject, to solve knotty problems, and to make momentous decisions. Consider all this, and try to save him petty worries!

In conclusion, let us express our gratitude to the appointing body of the R.A.M. for the care, wisdom, and foresight which they have shown in securing, as our new Principal, a man who is not only a great musician, but a true friend and a born administrator.

"May he live
Longer than I have time to tell his years.
Ever beloved, and loving, may his rule be!
And, when old time shall lead him to his end,
Goodness and he fill up one monument!"

From AN ADMIRER.

Prehistoric Reminiscences.

There are two infallible signs of advancing age: garrulity and a fondness for indulging in reminiscences! Nevertheless, I am bold enough to defy any unkind remarks about boring the readers of the *Magazine* by jotting down a few recollections of old Academy days, long before any of the present Academy students were born. It is close upon forty-three years since I first entered as a student, and that carries the mind back to what the modern spirit is apt to regard as the Middle Ages, but we all thought as much of ourselves as you young people do: I don't say more so, mind you! Anyhow we were full of youthful enthusiasm and ambition; we had ideals, we worked pretty hard, and if some of us have found that Providence has shaped our ends, notwithstanding our strenuous rough hewing, we can, at any rate, comfort our souls with the knowledge that the quondam students of the last half century have carried on the Academy tradition, and have, each in his own way, contributed a stone or two to its present solid edifice of reputation and prosperity.

How well I remember that September day, now so long past, waiting outside the old Committee Room at Tenterden Street, where the Principal, G. A. Macfarren (not yet knighted), and Mr. H. R. Evers were interviewing candidates for admission. Waiting with me were Courtice Pounds and another singer, an American-Welshman, whose name I have forgotten. Pounds, of course, was sure of being accepted, for young though he was, he could sing with taste and ease; the other fellow, however, was very much "in the raw," but he had a fine tenor voice, which ensured the Academy portals being thrown open to him. As for me, I was an instrumentalist, having brought with me the Waldstein Sonata. That I was accepted was due I fancy more to this evidence of exalted taste than to any special merit in the performance. Poor Macfarren must have squirmed! However, he was very kind, and so I too was not turned down, but was made free of the premises—on the payment of the usual entrance and terminal fees.

I often wonder whether the students of to-day are sufficiently grateful for the beautiful and well-equipped building in Marylebone Road, in which it is their good fortune to be instructed in the most beautiful of all the arts. I never go there but I admire the way in which it is designed so as to secure the combination of the ornamental with the useful, and I marvel at the wonderful manner in which the architect's brain conceived it all. Then its appointments are so luxurious; all the articles of furniture are of good design and workmanship, and there are rugs and carpets of oriental patterns. That is quite as it should be, but in the last quarter of the 19th century such signs of extravagance would have suggested that the Academy was blindly rushing down the precipice that ends in the Bankruptcy Court. In those days the girls' waiting room—we called each other boys and girls then, though officially we were "Male" and "Female"—had forms and a few hard chairs, very different from the present comfortable settees. As for the boys' waiting room, which was also utilised on Tuesdays and Fridays for the members of the orchestra, it was a veritable Black Hole, having neither ventilation nor light other than gas. If you wanted to sit down,—well, there was the table or, as an alternative, the floor. I recollect that eventually some of us got up a petition asking for better accommodation. It was turned down at the moment, but afterwards bore fruit in the shape of a couple of class rooms across the passage being knocked into one for our benefit.

The main entrance in No. 4 Tenterden Street led to the hall where the porter, by name of Goodliffe, was on duty. He wore the same

uniform familiar to us to-day. I have heard this uniform sneered at as evidence of "swank," but in my humble opinion it adds dignity to a great Institution better than a suit of tweeds, possibly surmounted by a ditto cap. Beyond the hall one went to the staircase, which possessed a certain Georgian beauty of its own. At the head of the stairs there was the "Female Department" at the right, the Committee Room to the left, whilst just in front was the Concert Room, which reminded one of the "two single gentlemen rolled into one," spoken of by George Colman, for it had been constituted by throwing several rooms on different floors into one. Here were held the Fortnightlies, the sight singing classes, the orchestral practices, and even the prize-giving, though the last became such a jam that two years after I entered, it was transferred to St. James's Hall in Regent Street. However, we got on well enough, though the seats were uncommonly hard.

For the "males" there was an entrance in the adjoining house, No. 5. To the left was the office where were housed the secretary, John Gill, and two clerks, named respectively Smith and Short, a small enough staff to carry on the business of the Academy, which even then had 400 students, and which besides ran a system of local examinations. Both Smith and Short were inclined to look down upon students as mere cumberers of the earth, whose sole redeeming feature was the ability to pay fees. Just outside the office was a perch for a junior janitor in the shape of a lad just out of his school attendance. There was a constant succession of these youths. As soon as they could they vacated the perch in favour of some situation offering more scope to an enterprising spirit. I forget them all, with the exception of one bright boy who might have been a lineal descendent of Bailey, Junior, in Dickens' "Martin Chuzzlewit." He was a typical London boy, old beyond his years, good natured, humorous, and well disposed towards the students, with whom he conversed on familiar terms. In a cage on the top of a cupboard in our waiting room he kept a pair of tame rats, whom he used to fondle and allow to swarm about him. I know not how he managed to conceal them from the stern official eye.

The male and female departments mentioned above were survivals from the quite early days of the Academy, and in my time had ceased to have any meaning whatsoever, for the students were sufficiently numerous as to render inevitable constant jostlings along the narrow passages and steep stairways at Tenterden Street. Looking back, it seems wonderful how much was achieved in those dingy, cramped surroundings. It shows that environment was not everything. We built up a fine tradition, and the Academy was loved with a passionate affection, not to be surpassed even to-day, when circumstances have improved in so remarkable a degree.

Very occasionally we had the privilege of seeing in our concert room the figures of notable artists. The most vivid recollection is that of Liszt on his last visit to England in 1886. Though but 74, he was quite evidently feeling the weight of his years, but when in response to the ovation accorded him, he ascended the platform and seated himself at the piano, he seemed temporarily rejuvenated. A pretty feature of the occasion was his being pelted with flowers—daffodils, I think—with which all the girls had come prepared. We boys felt rather out of it, we could only applaud till our palms tingled. Then we had a couple of visits from Vladimir de Pachmann. That was, of course, before he had developed into a system what have been called "Pach-mannerisms," but the germ was there. On the second occasion he brought with him the young lady who afterwards became his wife. She was quite an accomplished pianist, but we had assembled to hear, not her, but her fiancé, and when it came to pass that she performed three-fourths of the impromptu

programme, we felt rebellious, all the more so because we were helpless. One can't look a gift horse in the mouth.

Our Principal was George Macfarren, whose energy and strength of will rose superior to the handicap of blindness. He was able to move unattended about those parts of the Academy with which he had become familiar before the loss of sight, but there were other parts more recently acquired where it would have been suicidal for him to have gone alone. His learning was immense, and his reputation as a theorist and teacher was deservedly high, but he was not the hide-bound pedant that it pleases some people to represent him. He was, of course, very tenacious of his own views, which he had adapted deliberately, but at the same time he listened with respect to those of the humblest student, provided he felt they were as honest as his own. His concentration of mind was intense, and he generally used to work out mentally, when walking home to Hamilton Terrace in charge of a small boy, the problems to be set in the annual examinations. On one occasion we were required to work a perpetual canon, 4 in 2. At my next harmony lesson, my professor inquired how I had got on with the paper. "Oh," I said, "quite well on the whole, but I found it impossible to make the canon perpetual without perpetrating fifths, so I put them in, and added a note recording my experience." "Just so!" was the reply. "The Principal, for a wonder, had not worked it out beforehand, but he did so after the exam. was over, and he had to make the fifths himself."

In due course I became a harmony sub-professor, and had rather a large class. On one occasion I was required to present my pupils for examination by the Principal. He was quite alone in the committee room, and I was desired to name slowly about sixteen girls in order as they sat before him. It was marvellous to see how he not only remembered their names, but their positions also, turning his sightless eyes in the right direction when putting questions to them. After they had gone he and I had a pleasant five minutes together. He complimented me on the way the girls had answered, and gave me some good advice. I did not tell him that I had presented the pick of the basket, and that hopeless duffers had not been invited—and I had some duffers, just a few!

I had two encounters with him over sight reading. On the first occasion I had to play something on the organ. By way of making sure that it was entirely new to me, they had dug out of the library some fossilized "music" of the type where a semibreve or breve was placed much nearer the end of a bar than the beginning, while minims hung about the stave with as much regularity as apples on a tree. If a stray crotchet or two found its way into the score, it looked to have about as much relation to it as pomatum to Mesopotamia. As I was exceedingly nervous, this fearsome sight nearly deprived me of all my senses, and the result may be guessed. After his ordeal was over—I say his, for after the first bar I was past feeling anything—the Principal addressed to me a few words of rebuke for my inefficiency, and adjured me to do better. Perhaps his severity would have been mitigated could he have seen the awe inspiring score.

When next year came round, I gave that dreadful music a bye, and elected to have a vocal trial. Here all went well until near the end, when, in endeavouring to sing a note at the top of my compass, to the word "sea," I overshot the mark, and sung a major 3rd too high. "Do you think you were quite correct?" said Macfarren. "No," said I, "I sang E instead of C." His face relaxed. "Ah! it was evidently a case of high C (sea) with you! And I was dismissed with credit—and a smile.

Sterndale Bennett I never knew; he had been dead some six years when I became a student, but one might almost have thought that his spirit lingered yet in the old Academy, so extraordinary, so overwhelming

was the love entertained for him by those who had been his colleagues. On the occasion of one of Macfarren's addresses, he began to tell us of the burial of Bennett at Westminster Abbey. For a moment or two he struggled to master the emotion evoked by the memory, but at last he broke down completely, the tears streaming down his face and his utterance choked by sobs. It was a pathetic scene, which brought to mind the lamentation of David for Jonathan. The painful tension it caused was relaxed by someone handing the manuscript prepared for the printer to one of the Academy professors, who read the fateful passage in a remarkably unemotional and inexpressive fashion. It was dry enough to stanch any flood of tears!

Well, I might go on to talk about other names, but possibly it would bore my readers. To many they are merely names, to others the men who bore them were actualities, needing no reminiscences from a third party to keep their memory green; but all should at least entertain gratitude for the men, unknown to-day though they be, whose steadfast loyalty and strenuous labours during the fifteen or twenty years from 1865, laid the foundations of the Academy in such fashion that the developments of the present century were rendered possible. Could they come to life to-day they would probably recoil in horror from our contemporary music, and we on our part would dub them as "effete" and "old fogeys," but they were MEN, and the cold fact is that but for their sturdiness and persistent endeavour, there would to-day be no Royal Academy of Music. *Si monumentum requiris, go to Marylebone et circumspice!*

A VICTORIAN EX-STUDENT.

Mems. about Members and Others.

Mr. Frederick Moore was one of the adjudicators at the Elizabethan Musical Festival in February, and at the Bristol Eisteddfod on March 22nd, 24th and 25th.

Mr. Harold Craxton gave a recital at Wigmore Hall on March 8th.

On March 11th Madame Elsie Horne gave a lecture-recital at Wigmore Hall on "Music of Mystery and Imagination," when she was assisted by Miss Dorothy Collins. She has also recently lectured at Swansea, Hull, and Scarborough, among other places.

Miss Margaret Wilton sung at a concert at the County Club, Regent's Park, on March 14th, given in aid of blind and defective children.

At the last General Meeting of the Southern Area Festival, of which Mrs. Lester Jones is the Hon. Secretary, Mr. J. Percy Baker was elected Vice-Chairman of the organisation.

"A Talk with Sir Alexander Mackenzie" appeared in the March number of *The Musical Times*.

On January 16th Mr. W. W. Cobbett addressed the students of Trinity College of Music on "The Need of General Culture for Musicians."

The Music Teacher for March included articles by Miss Katharine Eggar ("The Songs of Roger Quilter"), by Mrs. Curwen ("What the M.T.A. did for a Teacher"), and by Mr. Alec Rowley ("On Students").

Mr. Adam Carse conducted performances of "The Merry Milkmaids" and of Two Sketches for Orchestra at the Bournemouth Musical Festival in April.

Mr. Percival Driver gave a song recital at Wigmore Hall on May 10th.

Beginning with the May number, Mr. W. E. Whitehouse is contributing a series of articles to *The Strad*, being some reminiscences and short stories in connection with musicians he has met and played with.

Mr. J. Percy Baker contributed articles on "Sir Frederick Bridge" and "Sir Charles Stanford" to the April and May numbers respectively of *Musical Opinion*.

The compositions of the late Morfydd Owen are being issued in a Memorial Edition by the Anglo-French Music Co., edited by Dr. Mary Davies and Mr. Frederick Corder.

Miss Amy Hare has lately returned from abroad, where she has been giving many concerts of her songs, sung by Miss Tilly Koenen, and also of her compositions for violin and piano, in Italy, Switzerland, and the Riviera. Miss Hare gave a concert of her compositions at Aeolian Hall on May 15th.

Hearty congratulations to Mr. G. D. Cunningham on his appointment as City Organist at Birmingham, in succession to Mr. C. W. Perkins.

The *Musical Times* for May had an article on "The New Principal of the Royal Academy of Music," with an excellent portrait of Mr. McEwen.

A new opera, "The Eve of St. John," by Sir Alexander Mackenzie, was successfully produced at Liverpool in April by the British National Opera Company. The libretto is by Miss Eleanor Farjeon. A full account of the performance appeared in the *Musical Times* for May.

A very pleasant function in connection with the Royal College of Music took place last term, when the Director, some members of the Council, and the Board of Professors, entertained Sir Alexander Mackenzie at dinner on the occasion of his approaching retirement. All the hosts were personal friends of Sir Alexander, and the proceedings were distinguished by an entire absence of formality.

Mr. J. Percy Baker was one of the adjudicators at the London Musical Festival and at the Beckenham Musical Festival in March.

Madame Edith Hands also adjudicated at the same two Festivals.

Among the adjudicators at the London Musical Festival were Mr. Harold Craxton, Mr. Spencer Dyke, Mr. Ernest Fowles, Mr. Welton Hickin, Dr. Stanley Marchant, Madame Agnes Larkcom, Mr. Ernest Read, Dr. Sydney Scott, Dr. F. G. Shinn, Mr. Felix Swinstead, Mr. Marcus Thomson, and Mr. John E. West.

Much sympathy is felt for Mr. McEwen in the recent loss of his father, who was in his 94th year.

Mr. H. C. May has been appointed organist and choirmaster at St. Luke's, Old Street, E.C.

Mr. Douglas Easton has been appointed organist and choirmaster at St. John's, Notting Hill, W.

The *Strand Magazine* for June contains an illustrated article by Mr. Ben Davies, entitled "Forty Years of Song."

On her retirement from the Academy, Mrs. Russell has been the recipient of presentations from the professors, from present students, and from past students and other friends. She writes: "I shall be so grateful if, in the next number of the *R.A.M. Club Magazine*, you will allow me to express to the professors, and present and past students, my warmest thanks and appreciation of the most acceptable presents which they gave me on my resignation from the position of Lady Superintendent at the Academy. I shall be at the next Social, when I hope to meet many of my kind friends."

A new number of Novello's Music Primers, "Pianoforte Accompaniment," by Mr. Welton Hickin, was published last month by the War-dour Street firm.

Mr. Leslie Mackay's Choir (Chatham) won the Challenge Shield for Mixed Voice Choirs at the Hastings Festival, for the second year in succession.

Mr. Harry Farjeon's Mass, "St. Dominic," was performed by the Teddington Philharmonic Society on April 8th.

Academy Letter.

At the request of our President, H.R.H., the Duke of Connaught, the distribution of prizes at the Queen's Hall has been altered to Thursday, July 24th, being one day earlier than the date announced in the Calendar. His Royal Highness has again graciously consented to preside.

Mr. McEwen took up his duties as Acting Principal at the beginning of the present term.

Dr. H. W. Richards has been appointed Warden by the Committee.

Mr. Frederick Corder has resigned the Curatorship, but continues his professorial duties until the end of the term.

A very successful social evening was held on March 19th, when a presentation, consisting of a clock and a complete set of the works of Dickens, was made to the Principal on his retirement—Betty Humby handing the gifts to Sir Alexander on behalf of the students. Sir Alexander acknowledged the presentation in a delightful speech and received a great ovation. The evening, which began with a concert, concluded with a dance.

A presentation from the students was made to Mrs. Russell, on April 4th, on her retirement from the position of Lady Superintendent. Sir Alexander Mackenzie, in handing a travelling case and cheque to Mrs. Russell, spoke of her good work at the Academy, and assured her that she would be missed by professors and students alike. He wished her every happiness in her retirement.

Mr. Frederick Keel, Mr. Stewart Macpherson, and Mr. Ernest Read have been appointed members of the Committee of Management.

The professors were invited by Mr. McEwen to a social meeting at the Academy on May 15th.

At the beginning of the evening, Mr. Corder, on behalf of the professors, handed Mr. McEwen an address of welcome, the wording of which was as follows:—

To J. B. McEWEN, Esq., M.A., F.R.A.M.

We, the Professors, desire to express to you our great gratification on your acceptance of the office of Principal.

We wish to assure you that you will have our unswerving loyalty and hearty co-operation.

Our sincere wish is that you will have many years in which to do the splendid work before you.

May, 1924.

After acknowledging this in a short and charming speech, Mr. McEwen delivered an address which was listened to with great interest by all present.

Dealing with the position which music now occupied in the scheme of general education—a position continually growing in importance—he afterwards explained certain changes which he contemplated introducing, his suggestions being enthusiastically received.

Mr. Matthay proposed a vote of thanks to Mr. McEwen for his lucid exposition of the suggested changes, this being carried unanimously.

It is hoped that the professors will meet in this way each term.

The following Associates have been elected:—Elsie Betts, Maud E. Bowe, Margaret Dewar, Cicely Hoyer, Eileen Wright, Leslie England, Andrew Hutton, William Michael, Harold Sandercock, and Heber Watkins.

A course of four lectures was delivered by Dr. Richards during Lent term, his subject being "Bach and his period."

The annual organ recital took place on February 4th at the Duke's Hall.

The terminal chamber concerts were held on February 18th, March 5th, and April 3rd, these being also at the Duke's Hall.

The orchestral concert, conducted by Sir Henry J. Wood, took place at Queen's Hall on Tuesday, April 1st. The programme was as follows: Funeral March, Chopin (in memory of Sir Frederick Bridge, Sir Walter Parratt and Sir Charles Stanford); Brandenburg Concerto, No. 3, in G, for strings, Bach; Pianoforte Concerto in F (second and third movements), Saint-Saëns, Miss Sybil Barlow; Air: "The Trumpet shall sound" (Messiah), Handel, Mr. Roy Henderson, Trumpet obligato, Mr. Eric Pritchard; Violoncello Concerto (first movement), Lalo, Mr. Douglas Cameron; "Song of Praise," for chorus, semi-chorus and orchestra, B. J. Dale; Pianoforte Concerto in A minor (second and third movements), Paderewski, Miss Doris Sheppard; Suite (MS.) for small orchestra, William Alwyn (Ross scholar); Song: "Close by the Ramparts" (Carmen), Bizet, Miss Norah Greene; Organ Concerto in G minor (Handel—Wood), first movement, Mr. Godfrey Sampson, second movement, Mr. W. Ifor Jones, third movement, Mr. Owen le P. Franklin.

Several scholarships are open for competition in various branches at Michaelmas next. Full particulars may be obtained from the Secretary.

W. H.

Organ Recitals.

Mr. Alec Rowley, at Luton Parish Church (April 30th).

Mr. H. J. Timothy, at St. Vedast Foster, E.C. (Jan. 14th and 28th, Feb. 4th, March 24th and 31st, and April 28th).

Mr. Ernest F. Mather, at St. Vedast Foster (Jan. 7th), at St. Dunstan's in the East (March 20th), and Stepney Parish Church (March 30th).

New Music.

Carse, Adam.

"Stepping Stones" (for piano)	Augener, Ltd.
"Through the Centuries" (for piano)	" "
Harmony Exercises, Book II.	" "
Two Sketches (for string orchestra)	" "
Concertino in D (for violin)	" "
"My Lady Wind." Two-part song	Novello & Co.

Farjeon, Harry.

Three Fancy Dances, for children (for piano)	...	Bosworth & Co.
"A Lute of Joy." Song Cycle (for high voice)	...	Stainer & Bell
"Toys" (for piano)	...	Edward Arnold

West, John E.

"John Peel" (arranged for S.S.A.)	...	Novello & Co.
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Members of the R.A.M. Club, Branch B.

Adams, Mary	Burnie, Oriel	Edwards, Clarice
Addy, A.	Burrows, Dorothy	Ellett, Roy
Ainley, Doris	Byass, J. H.	Ellis, Audrey
Allan-Blake, L.	Byrne, Gwendoline	Emerton, Vera
Allen, Joan	Cadbury, Dorothy	Emslie, Margaret
Alexander, Margaret	Caldwell, Josephine	Erikson, Florence
Alper, Rose	Carey, Ethel	Erlam, Denys
Anders, Violet	Carnell, Mabel	Evans, Millicent
Andrews, E. Lucie	Carson, Joyce	Evans, Vivien
Andrews, Margaret	Carter, Kathleen	Fahey, I. Maud
Ashley, Derick	Chamberlain, Inez	Featherstonehaugh, Kathleen
Ayderson, Constance	Chubb, Margaret	Fehr, Edith
Ayles-Ransley, G.	Church, Alice	Ferguson, Catherine
Badenhorst, Nora	Churchman, Isabel	Finch, Elsie
Bailey, Enid	Clark, Muriel	Fisher, Gladys
Baker, Ella	Clifford, Eileen	Fisher, Trengrove
Ball, Beatrice	Collier, Dulcie	Fishlock, Grace
Bamford, Lesley	Colton, Mahala	Folkard, Dorothy
Bamford, Nellie	Cook, Rene	Foster, Beulah
Barklie, Alice	Corrie, Jean	Fountain, Elsie
Barlow, Sybil	Cosins, Cecile	Franklin, Norman
Barron, Guy	Coward, Ellen	Franklin, Owen
Bashforth, Joyce	Crawford, Violet	Fraser, John
Bass, Kathleen	Cross, Althea	French, Madeleine
Baxter, Grace	Crowe, Phyllis	Freshwater, Dorothy
Beasley, Winifred	Cubitt, Rosemary	Fry, William H.
Beatty, Rhoda	Curry, Margaret	Fuller, Mary
Bell, Inie	Cursue, Alfred	Fulton, T. Arnold
Bell, Sylvia	Curzon, Clifford	Girdlestone, Lucy
Bennett, Phyllis	Dance, Dennis	Glover, Dorothy
Bennetts, Eleanor	David, Elsie	Gold, Marjorie E.
Berdoe, Gwen	Davidson, Yvonne	Goodman, Violet
Berly, Harry	Davies, Gwendoline	Grant, Florence
Berman, Haja	Davies, Ivor R.	Grevener, Eileen
Bevan, Thomas	Davies, Kathleen D.	Guest, Muriel
Black, Bertha	Davies, Marie Brett	Gwynne, Una
Blackie, Rene	Davis, Gwen	Hacker, Elizabeth
Block, Mrs. R.	Davis, Meta	Hagert, Bertha
Bolton, Eily	Davis, Vera	Hall, Constance
Bostock, Maud	Davy, Vera	Hall, Dorothy
Bowie, Dulcie	Day, Alice	Hall, Molly
Bowlby, Marion	Du Bern, Lucille	Hambleton, Isabel
Bowlby, Winifred	de Card, Edith	Hamilton, Mary
Bradley, Francis	de Leon, Herbert	Hansard, Amy
Bramwell, Norah	de Rooode, Joseph	Harris, A. Lilian
Bree, Vera	Deverill, Kathleen	Harris, Barbara
Brough, Eric	Dewhurst, Charles	Harris, Ida
Brown, Ethel	Dillon, Norah	Harris, Lena
Browning, Isabel	Drake, Mrs. Marjorie	Hart, Nina
Brownlie, Ruth	Duncan, Margaret	Hartley, Fred
Bullen, Edith	Dunlop, Alice	Hatzfeld, Edna
Bullmore, F.	Dyson, Nancy	Haworth, Muriel
Bunting, Mary	Eastman, Thomas	Haysom, Hilda
Burdett, Jessie	Edwards, Gwen	

Hayward, Mary G.	King, Reginald	Moreland, Kate
Heathcote, Muriel	King-Arnold, Lily	Morgan, Miriam
Hedgcock, Evelyn	Kitchin, Coreela	Morris, Joan
Heine, Eleanor	Kitching, Marjorie	Morton, Grace E.
Hellier, Clifford	Kneebone, Vera	Mulholland, Joan
Henderson, Roy	Knibbs, Dorothy	Mullins, Eva
Hewer, Gertrude	Knight, Beatrice	Neville, Dorothy
Hewitt, Sylvia	Knowles, Frances	Newman, Mary
Hewland, Adam	Korb, Barbara	Newnham, Frederick
Hewson, Jessie	Krebs, Germaine	Noake, Frida
Heywood, J. Holden	Krein, Sara	Norton, Phyllis
Hill, Dorothy	Kurosawa, K.	O'Callaghan, Stephen
Hobbs, Marjorie	Lamb, Florence	Oppenheimer, Eric
Hogben, Winifred	Lawson, Muriel	Orsman, Bertram
Holland, Harriett	Lea-Dennis, Gwen	Palmer, Doris
Holland, Muriel	Leighton, Phyllis	Palmer, Grace
Holthum, Dorothy	Le Mare, Monica	Paqualin, Vera
Hooper, Dorothy	Le Riche, D.	Parker, H. Joan
Hope, Dorothy	Levin, Dora	Parkinson, Greta
Hope, Norah	Loban, Ben	Pattinson, Freda
Horwood, Rita	Lockie, Ruby	Pearce, Annie
Hough, Ethel	London, Gladys	Perman, Hazel
House, Cicely	Low, Molly	Pescod, John
Hovey, Doris	Lucas, Doris	Peters, Bertha
Howard, Edna	Lucock, Alfred	Pett-Fraser, Barbara
Howard, Phyllis	Lythgoe, V.	Pettitt, Kathleen
Hoyland, Florence	McCarthy, Winifred	Phillips, Dorothy
Hubble, Anna	MacDonald, Phyllis E.	Phillips, Rosalia
Hugh-Jones, Enid	McDonald, Christina	Pierce, Mollie
Humby, Betty	McDonald, Phyllis	Pokrovsky, Elizabeth
Hurd, Josephine	McGillewie, Edna	Porter, Evelyn
Hurran, Kathleen	McGillewie, Moira	Pougnat, Jean
Hyman, Irene	McLean, Virginia	Powell, Doris
Hyman, Maxine	McNally, Frank	Pralle, Margaret
Isaacs, Harry	McQueen, Phyllis	Prentor, Kathleen
Jacobs, Beatrice	Main, Muriel	Proctor, Charles
Jacobson, Ella	Malcolm, Victoria	Radloff, Catherine
Jenkin, Frances	Manning, Rosemary	Rainier, Ivy
Jenkins, Mary	Marriott, Ruth	Randall, Marjorie
Jessett, Alice	Marsh, Doris	Randle, Dorothy
Jessop, Joyce	Marshall, Doris	Rath, Dorothy
Jeynes, A.	Martin, Kit	Reed, Ruby
Johnson, Ella	Martin, Peggy	Reeves, Winifred
Johnson, Elsie	Martinez, G.	Reid, G.
Johnson, Mabel S.	Mather, Ernest	Revell, Enid
Johnston, Jean	Matthews, Eunice	Reynolds, Eleanor
Jones, C. Peers	Matthews, Evelyn	Rhys, A. Stella
Jones, Ethel	Maxwell, Isobel	Rich, Freda
Jones, Gwillim	Mehew, Freda	Richards, Constance
Jones, Ifor	Middleton, Muriel	Richards, Doris
Jones, Luned L.	Mills, Muriel	Richards, Nita
Jones, Lynwood	Mills, Olga	Richardson, Muriel
Jones, Vida	Milner, Grace	Robb-Smith, Peggy
Jordan, Elsa	Mitchell, Nance	Robson, Tracey
Jupe, William	Mitchell, Winnie	Roe, Kitty
Kealey, Edward	Monk, Freda	Roe, Rosalind
Keeves, Phyllis	Moore, Mabel	Ruscoe, Beryl
Kemmis-Hetty, L.	Moore, Norah	Russell, Gwen

Sadler, Phyllis	Stokes, Muriel	Warne, Muriel
Sampson, Joyce	Storr, Mary	Warner, Mary
Samways, Norah	Tansey, Alberta	Watterson, Irene
Sandbach, Mary	Tate, Phillis	Watts, Edith
Sanders, Winifred	Taylor, Beryl	Weaver, Miss
Sargent, Dorothy	Taylor, Kathleen	Webber, Rhoda
Savile-Parker, A.	Taylor, Walter	Wells, Grace
Sauvary, Florence	Thompson, Helen	Wells, H. Jean
Saxon-Mills, Joan	Thomson, Alan	Wells, Lily
Schonfield, Charlotte	Thomson, Rynie	Wheeler, Doris
Schonfield, Winifred	Thomson, Sara	White, Dudley
Scrivener, Vera	Tirachini, Gwen	Wightman, John N.
Seyd, Olga	Tomlinson, E.	Wiles, Muriel
Sheppard, Doris	Tonkin, Rose	Wilkinson, Margaret
Short, Gladys	Toop, H. E.	Wiltshire, Theodora
Simms, Violet	Travell, E.	Windsor, Madeleine
Sissons, Elizabeth	Trollope, Grace	Winter, Annie
Slack, Margaret	Tunbridge, Eileen	Wolfe, Julia
Slade, Mjozie	Turner, Grace	Wood, Elsie
Slinn, Muriel	Turner, Laura	Woolfe, Eileen
Smith, Janet	Tweedy, Pauline	Wright, Beatrice
Smith, Katie	Tyler, Ethel	Wright, Hilda
Smith, Katie C.	Urquhart, Wilkinson	Wright, Isobel
Smith, Mary H.	Vallange, Aylmer	Wright, Lilian
Smith, Muriel E.	Vallange, C. M.	Wykes, Enid
Stacey, Hugh	Van Houten, Beatrice	Young, R.
Staincliffe, Miriam	Vevers, Doris	Young, Rosebud
Standish, Dorothy	Vigo, Leonie M.	Young, V.
Stephens, Sybil	Wadner, Tora	Zerdin, Bertha
Sternroyd, Beatrice	Wakeham, Vera	Zimmermann, Alfred
Stevenson, Norah	Wall, Flora	Zuidmeer, Susie
Stewart, Sadie	Wallace, Amy	

Editorial.

THE ANNUAL DINNER will be held at the *Trocadero Restaurant* on *Wednesday, July 23rd*, the day before the Prizegiving. Further particulars in due course, but meanwhile please reserve the date, as we want the Dinner to be this year an even greater success than usual.

Also, do not forget the Social Meeting at the Academy on Saturday, June 21st, when Mr. Corder is giving a Farewell Concert. His pupils and friends intend to take advantage of the occasion to testify their regard for him.

Notices.

1.—“The R.A.M. Club Magazine” is published three times a year and is sent gratis to all members on the roll. No copies are sold.

2.—Members are asked kindly to forward to the Editor any brief notices relative to themselves for record in the Magazine.

3.—New Publications by members are chronicled but not reviewed.

4.—All notices, &c., relative to the Magazine should be sent to Mr. J. Percy Baker, 12, Longley Road, Tooting Graveney, S.W. 17.

The Committee beg to intimate that those members of Branch A who desire to receive invitations to the meetings of Branch B, should notify the same to Miss Rynie Thomson, at the Royal Academy of Music.

N.B.—Tickets for meetings at the Academy must be obtained beforehand, as money for guests' tickets may not be paid at the door. Disregard of this rule may lead to refusal of admittance.